

THE DRAMA;

OR,

THEATRICAL

POCKET MAGAZINE.

No. VI.

AUGUST, 1824.

VOL. VI.

Mr. RAYNER.

"His speech, look, action, humour, all are just."

"He knock's with truth's bold hand against the heart,
And in the various characters he plays
The genuine form of nature he conveys,
And hits in short upon that happy right,
Which gives the finest essence of delight."

"Thespis newly applied."

Mr. RAYNER was born on the 10th of October, 1787, at a village in Yorkshire; his father, who possessed a small farm, and was also a cloth-manufacturer, died before the subject of this memoir had numbered seven years. It is seldom that boyish occurrences are entertaining to matured minds, therefore, "we'll let that pass," as HARLEY says. The first theatrical performance Mr. RAYNER ever witnessed, was in the year 1800, at the Leeds theatre; *Speed the Plough*, and the *Naval Pillar* being the entertainments. MATHEWS was the *Farmer Ashfield*, and Miss DUNCAN, now Mrs. DAVISON, the *Susan Ashfield*. The play made so strong an impression on his mind, that it was

with some difficulty he could be persuaded that all he had witnessed was not real. When he found it was an art, he became extremely solicitous to imitate it, and with such avidity did he seize on every thing relative to the drama, that the whole play of "*Alexander the Great*," which he borrowed of a play-fellow, was committed to memory in the short space of twelve days. At seventeen years of age, he enrolled himself in the Leeds Volunteers ; when, as a member of that body, he wrote and recited a patriotic address, which gained him great applause. Flattered by the approbation of his friends, he turned his thoughts to the profession of the stage, and in about two years after carried his intention into effect, and procured an engagement in CRISP's company, at Chendle, in Staffordshire, where he made his first essay at one hour's notice, in the part of *Clodpole*, in the farce of *Barnaby Rattle* ; and though a complete novice, yet from the strength of his dialect, and the natural manner in which it was delivered, without acting at all, kept the little auditory in continued laughter, from beginning to end. He remained, however, but a short period in this company, for the manager continuing to enforce his performance of broad comedy, which he then disliked, wishing to tread the more dignified path of the drama, he left his 18s. a week and joined a company at Stone, in Staffordshire, for 15s. in order to gratify his own taste, by the adoption of that line for which he had a passion, and commenced his new situation by the assumption of *Henry Moreland*, in the "*Heir at Law*," and *Captain Seymour*, in the "*Irishman in London*." This range of characters he continued to perform for three years, when the company being at Stratford-upon-Avon, and the actor, who was to personate *Solomon Lob*, in "*Love Laughs at Locksmiths*," being taken ill, RAYNER was solicited by the manager at a short notice to undertake the part, which he did, and in the representation of the *Tadcaster Clown*, displayed so much comic talent, as to cause a repetition of the farce on the following night. The indisposition of the principal comedian continuing, the manager offered to advance our actor's salary to one guinea, if he would undertake the performance of all the low comedy ; and he beginning to think it were a folly longer to feed the taste at the expense

of the pocket, wisely consented, and from this moment commenced the most successful and profitable career that ever attended any provincial actor; his benefit-night, in every town he performed, being invariably attended with an overflow. An instance occurred in one of the towns, which, from its singularity, may be mentioned without doing any discredit to the actor: On the night of his benefit at Kidderminster, the theatre, which was in the yard of a large inn, was so filled in every part, that it was impossible to change a scene during the whole performance, whilst a vast number remained outside, being unable to force their way in by any means. One person, who had come a considerable distance to witness the performance proposed, that the doors of the inn-yard should be closed, and that each man should pay for his admission and depart in peace, provided RAYNER would sing them a song: he accordingly, and without a moment's hesitation, assented to their wishes, and mounted on one of the hogsheads which stood in the yard, to the accompaniment of a single violin, gave them one of his best ditties, at the conclusion of which, the whole audience gave him three cheers, and immediately left the place apparently well satisfied.

Having received advantageous proposals from the manager of the little theatre in the Haymarket, he accepted them, and made his first appearance in the metropolis on the 18th June, 1814, in the character of *Frank Oatlands*. This was followed by those of *Zekiel Homespun*, *Sheepface*, *Andrew Bang*, *Stephen Harrowby*, and many other characters. The following remarks on his general performances we have extracted from the *National Register* for July, in that year:—

“Although justice compels us to allow, that, in *Tiptoe*, Mr. RAYNER displayed considerable comic humour, and much promise of future excellence, yet, we think, that his *forte* is *country boys*, and most of the characters that LITTON plays, whom, in person and figure, he greatly resembles; we shall be happy to see him oftener before the public. His *Sim*, in “*Wild Oats*,” is in the true and genuine spirit of comedy, at once artless, natural, and unaffected, perhaps too much so for stage effect; but, while the silent approbation of the judicious shall continue to be more dear

to the actor of intrinsic merit, than the applause of the multitude, we would advise Mr. R. without sacrificing at the shrine of popularity, by giving a deeper colouring to his comic efforts, steadily to pursue the path he has taken, as the sure road to eminence in his profession." (1)

It appears from all the contemporary publications of that period, that Mr. RAYNER was creeping snugly into public favour; when Mr. MATHEWS, who was acting with him, in nearly all the pieces in which he appeared, met with that accident, which lamed him for life, and thus an impediment was put to their repetition. Mr. R. finding himself kept in the back ground, much more than suited his aspiring spirit, at the conclusion of the Haymarket season, closed an engagement with NOTTER, the Brighton manager, at which place he performed in 1815, *Doctor Bother*, *Matthew Mingle*, and the rest of that cast of characters, with complete success: he lastly became a member of the York Company, where, in the daily journals, of that place he was frequently the object of commendation, particularly for his personification of rustic characters in 1818.

At Birmingham he became acquainted with his great prototype, the late Mr. EMERY, whose friendship he cultivated, and retained, till the death of that excellent actor, and but for which melancholy event, he would most probably have never trod the London boards again. On the 30th Nov. 1822, he made his *débüt* on the Drury Lane boards, (Vide vol. iii, 353.) in the part of *Dandie Dinmont*. His success caused the repetition of the character, and it was a matter of great surprise, that he was not then permanently engaged. Various reports were in circulation as to the cause, some stating that the "Lessee" offered him a low salary; others, that he could not get a sufficiency of prominent parts, and many other like conjectures; but the fact is, that, although he received a note from the

(1) In the *Theatrical Inquisitor* for that month it is observed "The little that Mr. R. has hitherto attempted, he has performed in such a manner as to induce a wish that we might see him oftener. His *Lubin Log*, in "*Love Laughs at Locksmiths*," was greeted with universal and deserved applause."

manager, congratulating him on "his most decided success," yet not an offer, either in the shape of a situation, or a *single shilling* in the way of remuneration for his two nights performances, was made therein. It was left for Mr. ARNOLD, the proprietor of the English Opera House, to give him an opportunity of displaying his talents. That spirited individual, immediately after his first performance at D. L. T. made him an advantageous offer, which he accepted, and he then quitted London till the opening of the summer theatre, where he appeared as *Fixture*, in "*A Roland for an Oliver*," on the 9th July, 1823. (See vol. iv, 393,) where he acquitted himself with considerable ability. He afterwards appeared in the arduous character of *Giles*, in the "*Miller's Maid*," (See vol. v, 25, 137;) with unqualified success. Mr. C. KEMBLE, we are informed, went purposely to see him in the latter character, and when the piece was concluded, went on the stage to congratulate him on his performance, and offered him a situation at C. G. T. where terms of his own proposing were acceded to. He appeared at the latter house, Oct. 8, 1823, as *Robert Tyke*, in the "*School of Reform*," where his cordial reception has been already noticed, (v. 129.) His representation of this character was a correct and fine specimen of talent, its value was instantly felt and acknowledged, and the impression it made will long be remembered.

Mr. RAYNER has had the honour of receiving the complimentary congratulations of several distinguished admirers of the Drama; and among his friends may be ranked Mr. C. KEMBLE, Mr. MATHEWS and Mr. YOUNG, the latter gentleman was heard to speak of his performance of *Tyke* in the most glowing terms.

We understand that the talents of Mr. R. are not confined to the stage alone, but that he is the author of many celebrated songs, and several specimens of his abilities in this way have been before the public.



NUGÆ DRAMATICÆ.

No. VI.

By G. J. DE WILDE.

The Maid of the Fountain.

“ Oh love ! what is it in this world of ours,
 That makes it fatal to be loved ! Ah ! why
 With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
 And made thy best interpreter a sigh,
 As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
 And place them on their breast—but place to die—
 Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish,
 Are laid within our bosoms, but to perish.”

LORD BYRON.

SCENE I.—*The interior of a Hermitage.*—RAYMOND,
 LORD of RAVENSWOOD and FATHER ZACHARY, the Hermit,
 discovered conversing.

Ravenswood, (starting from his seat.) Thou art a visionary, such a form

God ne'er bestow'd on one of evil purpose.

Zachary. The serpent that seduced thy mother Eve
 Took not the mien and manners of a fiend,
 And she, when leading Adam into sin,
 Look'd lovelier than ever—oh ! my son
 'Tis the Almighty's will that man should be
 Tried e'en as gold, with fire, to prove its worth,
 For this, the evil one is suffer'd to
 Wander about the earth and take the forms,
 E'en of his own bright seraphs—once again,
 Rash man, I warn thee—never see her more.

Ravenswood. Though hell itself were gaping in my path
 I'd follow her—father thou couldst not bribe me
 Even with paradise. (Going.)

Zachary. Hear me Lord RAVENSWOOD, stay yet awhile,
 Accept the counsel of a man, whose age
 Gives him at least a title to be heard.

Ravenswood. It is your age, good father, that misleads
 you,
 Your blood runs cold and slowly through your veins,

And stagnates into dark, unjust suspicion,
 You cannot feel the charm of loveliness,
 How should you—having never seen *her*, or
 E'en you would fall a bondsman to her power.

Zachary. If merely *woman*, me she could not charm,
 If then I fell beneath her witchery,
 She must, as I suspect her, be a demon;
 Let me, this eve, be your companion there.

Ravenswood. Ask it not, she has prayed, that none may
 be,

A witness of our love, and not for worlds,
 Would I do ought to render her unhappy.

Zachary. At least go not to-night.

Ravenswood.

I once was past

The hour appointed, and I found her weeping,
 When she beheld me, a faint smile illumed
 Her features and she gently falter'd forth—
 "I deem'd you had grown weary of your love,
 And changed her for some lovelier, nobler maid."
 She said no more, but her pale features and
 Her melancholy, spoke more keen reproaches
 Than all the tongue could utter.

Zachary.

Holy Mary!

What sorcery lies in a ruby lip
 And alabaster forehead, thus to make
 Man fling himself body and soul away,
 To his immortal cunning enemy.

Ravenswood. Nay do not speak thus rashly; I dare pledge
 My life, that she is pure as heaven's own seraphs.

Zachary. Fix'd as thou art in thy belief, 'twere vain
 To offer opposition with words only;
 'Tis proof must rend away the mark that sin
 Wears to ensnare thee in its horrid paths—
 Thou say'st she ever leaves thee, when the bell
 Pealeth for vespers.

Ravenswood.

Though I've often sued
 For a few moments, when the hour arrived
 My prayers were breathed in vain—she wept and left me.

Zachary. Enough! to-night, that bell shall be delay'd
 An hour beyond the usual hour of chiming;
 The fiend, thus cheated, to o'erstay its time,

Shall in its own terrific form appear,
And dart 'midst lightning to its own abode ;
Take thou this rosary, possess'd of it,
It shall in vain essay to injure thee,
Farewell ! the virgin's benison be on thee.

[Exit

Ravenswood. I never can believe that she is evil,
It is an impious thought, fool that I was,
Not to refuse—forbid this proof of his ;
Is it well to deceive her thus ?—and yet
It can produce no harm, and 'twill perchance
Solve the deep mystery that hangs over her.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*A romantic and beautiful spot in Ravenswood Park.*—RAYMOND of RAVENSWOOD and MARIAN, seated by the side of a clear and plentiful fountain, overhung with trees.

Ravenswood. Yet if thou lov'st, sincerely lov'st me, sweet,
Why all this mystery—why do we meet
In a wild spot like this—when thou mightst have
Dominion o'er a palace ?

Marian. Is not this
A palace ?—nature's palace ?—look below
How beautiful the verdant carpet spreads,
Deck'd with the golden king-cup and pied daisy ;
Behold the glorious canopy, above
The weeping birch, and the majestic fir—
The willow drooping low to kiss the waters.
Look at our fountain, can thy palace boast
Such crystal purity ? and more than all,
Have we not freedom ? Do we not respire
The untainted breath of heaven ? Can we not
Join in our adoration of the all-good
Beneath this glorious sky, his own grand work,
With a more fervent—more exulting thrill,
Than when our prayers are check'd in their ascent,
By sculptured roofs and walls of mortal mould,
Oh ! do not seek to change ; here first we met,
And here still let us meet.

Ravenswood. Mysterious beauty,
For me the wildest waste on the world's face,
Where paradise, if I might ever thus

Clasp thee within my arms, but thou forget'st
 How many dreary hours must pass away,
 Ere I again behold thee, and how short
 The time, blest with thy presence, when compared
 With that when thou art absent—where I know not,—
 Perhaps encircled in a rival's arms.—

Marian. RAVENSWOOD wilt thou break my heart—why
 doubt

My word that thou—thou only art beloved.

Ravenswood. Then why, sweet one, refuse to be the bride
 Of one who loves thee madly as I do ?

Marian. Because the very word that gave assent,
 Would doom thee misery and desolation ;
 The brand of war would fire thy palaces—
 The sword of war would leave thee tenantless ;—
 Our crystal fountain would run red with blood—
 Perchance with thine—and I the hated cause.

Ravenswood. Red with my blood, love ! what means
 this wild language,—

Where is this dreaded foeman ?—and what fate
 Dooms me the victim ?—is my power so small,
 Or were the ancient Lords of Ravenswood,
 Of dastard blood, that their descendant should
 Be deem'd unable to defend his Bride ?
 Think not thus lightly of him, love—thank heaven
 Strength nerves my arm and with thy prayers—

Marian. They could not

Be breathed for thy success.

Ravenswood. What mean'st thou ? speak :

Marian. They'd render me a parricide—I have
 Hitherto hidden from thee, RAVENSWOOD,
 Name, parentage and fortune of thy love,
 I did not wish to wake thee from thy dream
 Of happiness, though a deceiving one,
 Because I feared to speak in hours of bliss,
 Of what, perchance, would make them such no longer :
 But what avails my vain solicitude,
 Truth like the glorious and blessed sun,
 Though it may be awhile with clouds conceal'd,
 Will burst at last through all, Lord RAVENSWOOD,
 I am GLENALVON's daughter.

Ravenswood.

Can it be ?

Daughter of him who made me fatherless !
Daughter of him who made me motherless !
Daughter of him I can alone call foe,
Oh ! love thou art indeed an unkind power,
Subverting in a moment the resolves
Of years—I whose dark vows of vengeance have
Morning and night been utter'd—waking, sleeping,
Now find all cancell'd by thy witchery.

(*Pause.*)

The greatest treasure of my parent's murderer
Is in my grasp, now if assassin like,
I could do such a deed of horror—now
One blow would render him indeed a wretch,
And me—a devil—shame on thoughts like these,
I would not harm a single hair of hers,
Though it would purchase me a crown in heaven.
Shades of my martyred parents, ye would not
Ask of your son a sacrifice like this ;
If I rebel against your dying mandate,
Strike me with lightning dead before the feet
Of her, for whom this change is wrought in me,
And thus together expiate my crime,
And prove how well I love her.—*MARIAN*,
Love, beauty conquers all—here let us still
In secret meet ; the time I trust will come
When we shall meet—no more to part on earth.

Marian. My father ?—thou'lt not injure him ?

Ravenswood.

No sweet one

Though he has done the work of fiends 'gainst me,
For thy sake he is safe.

Marian.

Then bless thee, bless thee.

[*The bell chimes for Vespers.*]

Hark 'tis the vesper hour.

Ravenswood, (anxiously.) You will not leave me ?

Marian. For worlds I would not linger—at this hour
My father seeks me to attend with him
The evening prayer, and were he to discover
That I had left his mansion, I should never
See thee again.—My God ! what can this mean ?
Look, *RAYMOND*, how the shadows of the trees

Are lengthen'd o'er the plain—you tremble and
Your cheek turns pale—speak, I conjure thee, speak :
Has there been treachery?

Ravenswood.

Monster that I am,

MARIAN, canst thou pardon one who has
Deceived thee thus?—Old father ZACHARY,
Deeming thou wert not mortal, has delay'd
The pealing of the vesper-bell an hour
Beyond the time of prayer, and I have failed—
Forgotten to inform thee—till too late.

Marian. Lost, lost for ever! unkind RAVENSWOOD,
I did not deem thou could'st have thus betray'd me ;
RAYMOND, farewell ! farewell !—why could'st thou not
Content thee with a heart that worshipp'd thee?—
Thirst after knowledge was our parents' ruin,
And the curse on their children is entailed,
And shall be ever—nay, nay love ! I do not
Chide thee—forgive—farewell—farewell for ever !

[MARIAN hangs weeping in silence on the neck of RAVENSWOOD, then suddenly springs from his arms and plunges into the fountain. RAYMOND stands motionless with astonishment, then stretching his hand towards the fountain, speaks faintly and gaspingly.]

Stay—stay my MARIAN, thou wilt not leave me,
Oh ! she is gone—for ever lost—lost—lost,

[Dashes himself on the ground, and after lying awhile senseless, starts up, and in a wild and agonized manner exclaims :

I did not dream—MARIAN, I have kill'd thee,
Accursed fountain—ha ! the bubbles rise
Red with the blood of her my soul adored,
I am indeed a vagabond on earth ;
Dissolve me heaven into nothingness,
Body and soul—unless my spirit may
Meet with my MARIAN's—my life at least
'Tis in my power to destroy, and thus
I rid me of the burthen.

[He draws a dirk from his belt—raises it—when a loud peal of thunder is heard—he starts and the weapon falls into the fountain.]

Ravenswood (despondingly.) A life of care and error has been mine,
 My boyish days were pass'd in scenes of blood,
 My youth in rude and savage merriment ;
 At length a ray of light broke forth and seem'd
 A star from heaven to give me happiness ;—
 'Twas MARIAN—can I forget the day
 When chasing through these paths the lordly stag,
 I saw her angel form reclining by
 The stream that I have made her sepulchre ;
 She's gone—and heaven forbids me yet to die,
 Where shall I seek for peace ?—Not in the revel,
 The red wine would seem too much like those bubbles ;
 Form'd with my MARIAN's heart's blood—sainted one
 Teach me to bear the burthen heaven imposes—
 Here I cannot remain—these sacred waters
 Shall be with costly masonry o'er-arched,
 No hand shall henceforth stain the hallowed stream,
 Where MARIAN reposes—this task done,
 I'll take a long farewell of RAVENSWOOD,
 And seek in war to lose the life I hate ;
 If this should be denied and I return,
 Grown gray with years and stifled agony,
 Here will I dwell and pass my days in prayer,
 Till it shall please my God to let me kneel
 Before thy tomb—*never to rise again.*

Mary-le-bone, 1824.

* * * Those who have read that most beautiful of all romances, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, have discovered ere this, whence the subject of the above sketch is taken, and I beg leave to apologise for destroying the delight, with which they must hitherto have dwelt upon the tale. To those who are unacquainted with that *chef d'œuvre* of the author of *Waverley*, I recommend an immediate perusal as a certain cure for the nausea, which *Nugæ Dramaticæ*, No. 6, may probably have occasioned them.

G. J. DE W.

HORÆ CRITICÆ.

No. VI.

MARLOW.

"Facta regum, cacusque humanos depinxit, ingenio grandi terribill,
modicâ tamen arte et curâ.

Casauboni Op. p. 327.

A few years ago the name of MARLOW was in comparative obscurity. None but the collectors of old books were familiar with his writings; and the scanty specimens of Mr. LAMB were insufficient to give the general reader any adequate idea of his genius. The revival of the "*Jew of Malta*," at Drury-lane, set people to talking, and the periodicals to writing about MARLOW; but though much has been said and written, he is neither read nor admired as he deserves to be. This neglect may be attributed in some measure to the want of a creditable edition of his works. While inferior writers have been overwhelmed with illustrations and commentaries; while black letter tracts, which had no recommendation but scarcity, have been republished with all the splendour of the *Lee Priory* press; while the stupidity of GREENE and MARSTON has been rendered valuable by the talents of their editors; nobody has come forward to give us MARLOW in a readable form.

Possibly MARLOW may be more known, but we doubt whether he has been more admired, since the reprinting of his plays in OXBERRY's edition, for we never were so unfortunate as to meet with a worse executed work. The text is incorrect in almost every page. Lines are often misplaced and sometimes omitted. Words are changed, the spelling is partly modernised; and the meaning of many passages completely annihilated. The notes are meagre (1) and any thing but explanatory; and the pre-

(1) The advertisement states that these notes are by "public writers of acute observation and erudite research." They are remarkably uniform in style and matter, but as some are marked with an X. they are probably by different

factory remarks inconsistent. In one place (2) we are told that MARLOW "was not a poet, and that there is little of the sublime or beautiful in his writings," and in another that "*Faustus* abounds with poetry." (3) Instead of pointing out the authors peculiarities these prefaces are chiefly composed of long extracts from the text, tacked together by observations, which like the tragedy of "*Pyramus and Thisbe*," may justly be styled brief, as being only some ten words long, and tedious as being ten words too long. This edition; however has one advantage—it may be procured at a small positive expense; though, if we consider its actual value, it must be dear at any price. Its publication is to be regretted, as, by pre-occupying the market, it may have prevented a better. Two or three numbers of another edition were published in 1818. We never saw them, but concluded that their claims on public favour were small, since they could not prevail against so wretched a competitor. Mr. SINGER's reprints contain only the *Hero and Leander*.

hands. In the first page of the *Jew of Malta*, we find that "DRACO was a severe lawgiver of Athens, whose statutes were written with blood." "It was anciently believed that this bird (the king fisher) if hung up would turn with the wind, and by that means shew from what quarter it blew." (*Ib. p. 3.*) That "to custom ships, means to enter the goods they contain at the custom house" (*Ib. p. 4.*). That "the holy oak, is the *Malva Hortensis*" (*p. 61.*) which is true and important information, but so profound a botanist ought not to have confounded, as he does at *p. 43*, henbane (*hyoscyainus*) with ebony (*ebenus*) one being a tree and the other a herb. These specimens are not selected, but fairly taken from one play, *The Jew of Malta*. Each of the numbers affords similar evidence of "erudite research" but, it would be waste of room to multiply examples; for

"Where on's proofs are aptly chosen
Two are as valid as two dozen."

- (2) Preface to *Edward the Second*. *p. 3.*
- (3) Preface to *Dr. Faustus*, *p. 4.*

Mr. S. is far from being the best of all possible editors, but, in the present scarcity, we should be very glad to see a complete edition of MARLOW, even from him.

Having been prolix upon MARLOW's editors we shall endeavour to be brief upon his works. He was the first English Poet who produced a play in which the parts had any relation to the whole. His predecessors had merely brought persons on the stage to recite speeches, and sometimes to act upon each other. Any one of their dramatic personæ might have been removed, without materially injuring the rest. MARLOW blended them together, and tried to connect them with the plot. He endeavoured to make each and all subservient to a common purpose, and when we remember the difficulties under which he wrote; the necessity of forming his own rules, and at the same time of pleasing the public; the total deficiency of models, and the barbarous taste of the age, we shall be much more surprised at his frequent success than at his occasional failure.

The tragedy of *Edward the Second* is a good play, upon the whole. The action is broken and the interest is not very well kept up; but the characters are strongly drawn, and some of the scenes, particularly that in which *Edward* resigns his crown, and that which precedes his murder, would not have disgraced SHAKSPEARE. *Tamburlaine the Great* is a very different performance, a confused mass of "blood and plunder" without character, connexion, or common sense. Many have doubted MARLOW's title to this clumsy composition, and, if we may judge from internal evidence, their doubts were well founded; since it bears not the least resemblance to his other works. It is not worse; nothing indeed can be worse, than *The Massacre of Paris*, but the latter play seems to have been written in haste, like the melodramas at our minor theatres, at a few hours notice; and brought out in a hurry, before the public feeling, excited by the transactions of St. Bartholomew's day, had time to cool. *Tamburlaine* does not appear to be unfinished. The author, whoever he might be, spared no pains, and wrote, and rewrote his fustian till every speech was overcharged with it. The fustian, too, is not like that of *Lusts Do-*

minion : it is less poetical, and never relieved by rationality.

The "*Jew of Malta*" does not contain many beauties, but is perhaps better calculated for the stage than any of MARLOW's plays. The attention is fixed throughout on the character of *Barabas* ; and though the incidents are violent and improbable they excite considerable interest. It is not however suited to the taste of a modern audience, and it will never become a favourite ; but no inference ought to be drawn from its indifferent success at Drury Lane. It was revived when that house had a *bad name*, and performed by the worst company that ever disgraced a metropolitan theatre.(4)

Faustus has some passages of exquisite beauty, mixed with others of the most paltry description. The beginning is good, and the dialogue between *Faustus* and *Mephistophiles* very fine :

"*Faust.* Where are you damned ?

Mephist. In hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of hell ?

Mephist. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.

Thinkst thou that I, that saw the face of God,

And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,

Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,

In being deprived of everlasting bliss ?

Yet he speedily degenerates into the vilest buffoonery—kicking and cuffing the pope and cardinals ; cheating horse-dealers and tapsters ; frightening clowns, and sticking-horns on the heads of sceptical courtiers. These jokes were probably very pleasant in a barbarous age, and with such the middle of the play is filled ; but the end is equal to any thing in our language. No dramatist affords a scene of more complete yet unexaggerated horror than that in which *Faustus* waits in his study for *Satan*. We cannot

(4) That is, the worst company which had *then* appeared in a metropolitan theatre ; for bad as they were under the Sub-committee, Mr. ELLISTON, during the three first seasons of his management exhibited infinitely worse.

appreciate its beauty. Philosophy, which has taught us to laugh at "the devil and all his works," has deprived us of the pleasure of seeing *Faustus*. Our ancestors, no doubt, listened with trembling anxiety to the concluding soliloquy; and when the clock struck the quarters of *Faustus's* last hour, every nerve in the house must have vibrated with sympathy for the wretched victim. We can only understand this scene;—if we had more faith we should enjoy it.

The circumstances of MARLOW's life are involved in almost impenetrable obscurity; and it is to be regretted, that the talent which has been employed in enquiring into events so little known, and so little worth knowing, was not directed to the elucidation of his works. Biographical researches are generally rather curious than useful; but they who feel an interest in such matters, will find some very able articles in the fifth volume of the *British Stage*, to which work we must also refer them, for an account of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, the joint production of MARLOW and NASH. The extracts are copious and not to be found elsewhere. Z.

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

THE PARRICIDE.—*A Tragedy.*

The literature of the present day is so inundated with tragedies, that really several score of them are published, we believe, weekly. They seldom survive a week's recollection in the public mind, and indeed the public mind very sparingly occupies itself in paying any attention at all to them. The tragedy under notice, has somewhat stronger claims to public notice than most of the performances of this kind, that have lately been before us. It was written with a view to representation, and was performed at the Bath Theatre with considerable effect,(1) and is, we be-

(1) The following account appeared in some of the daily papers the day after the performance :

Bath, June 7th.—"Among other attempts to amuse us, a new tragedy was this evening produced, under the title

lieve, now under consideration at one of the London Theatres. We give the author's words in the preface in order to explain the ground-work of the subject.

of the "*Parricide*," written by two much-respected ladies, who are natives of this city—Miss ALLEN, mistress of a boarding-school, and Miss FIELD, instructress of the piano-forte. Our female BEAUMONT and FLETCHER were not quite so successful, as, on account of their private virtues, we could have wished. The audience, indeed, were too polite to hiss, but they laughed outrageously, which was almost as bad. The denouement, it must be owned, was somewhat in the style of "*Tom Thumb*." Out of fourteen characters, five only were permitted to survive the fall of the curtain. Another tragedy was also announced, written by a Mr. PENNIE ; but the author is said to have been so alarmed at the comical reception of the *Parricide*, that he has withdrawn it until next season."

This paragraph elicited the ensuing correspondence.

To the Editor.

SIR,

I beg leave to repel an attack which has been made upon me as authoress of the new tragedy of *The Parricide*, acted at Bath. Your correspondent would most unwarrantably infer that my play was *condemned*, when the exact opposite was the truth. Sir, upon the credit of a gentlewoman, I pledge myself that not one solitary hiss was heard during the performance ; on the contrary, the loudest applause possible. As to the *laughing*, that wanton outrage never occurred until the *fourth* act, and then it only proceeded from a knot of intoxicated persons, who entered with the half price. Your correspondent however, forgets to add, that the indecent interruptions of those savages were always resisted by the indignant feelings of the audience at large. As a deciding proof of my assertion, their vulgar merriments invariably burst forth during the most interesting and pathetic situations in my tragedy—at moments when, I am bold to say, the lucid gem of sensibility quivered on many a silken eye-lash, and the bosoms of *beauty* and *fashion* were tremulous with sympathy's sacred sigh !

"It has been the chief aim of the author, throughout the conduct of the following scenes, to exclude figurative

Intoxication alone could account for *such* conduct. Again, the name of a very dear friend has been falsely coupled with mine in the authorship. I am proud to acknowledge that Miss HENRIETTA FIELD obliged me with many judicious suggestions, but am no less proud to state, that in its general plan and execution, the tragedy of *The Parricide* is exclusively the work of, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

LUCY ALLEN.

Sion Hill Academy, June 9th.

To the Editor.

SIR,

An allusion having been made in the papers to the name of that deserving author, Mr. PENNIE; which, if permitted to pass without comment, might be interpreted into a sarcasm, prejudicial to his poetical character. After reporting the failure of a tragedy upon the Bath stage by two young ladies, your correspondent adds, that "Mr. PENNIE, alarmed at the *comical* reception of the *Parricide*, had withdrawn *his* tragedy until next season." Now, the fact is, he never felt nor expressed any such alarm. That the Bath audience greeted the *Parricide* with uproarious mirth, I readily admit; but I will not libel their taste and judgment so grossly, as to suppose they would have levelled the same ridicule and derision at a production of real talent; besides, there is no analogy between the *situation* of the two pieces. The *Parricide* was merely foisted upon public notice through the irresponsible medium of a benefit night; whereas, the *Ethelwolf* of Mr. PENNIE has been regularly accepted by the proprietor of the theatre, and is postponed solely at *his* recommendation, in order that more ample justice may be rendered to its production, in new scenery, &c. &c.

I request of your liberality a speedy insertion of this plain statement of facts.

June 11th.

A FRIEND TO MERIT.

flights and poetical allusions from the sentiments of those who were actively and continually engaged in circumstances of immediate moment; as the mind at such a time would rather burst forth in plain unpolished truth. However effective these ornaments of tragedy may be in the closet, they cannot assimilate with the bustle of representation, and serve rather to prove the poet, than to increase the interest. From the same consideration, the author has, in some instances, allowed the versification to be incomplete, rather than weaken the force of a sentiment by metrical manufacture.

“ Although the subject of this tragedy has some foundation in history, the incidents it contains are chiefly invention.

“ Misław, a palatinate and state of Poland, in 1514, was invested by the Russians, on account of family circumstances that were connected with its governor. The Russians, after having entered the city by means of Polish treachery, were ultimately defeated and their leaders slain. In 1660, however, they subdued the city and massacred all the inhabitants.”

Miss ALLEN appears to be unambitious of poetical ornament—her verses flow, however, in very harmonious metrical cadence, and though there is little of Byronic fervour in the language of her heroes, it is occasionally strong and impassioned. We make the following extract: it is a favourable specimen, we think, of the general style of the performance. It is the speech of a young Polish patrician, who thinks his services and merits slighted, by not being intrusted with a command against the Russian army.

VARANES.

Fathers of Poland, hear me ere ye go,
 What wondrous madness has possessed your councils!
 Stand we not here in deference to your wisdom?
 Stand we not here to guard our mighty honour?
 Stand we not here to establish sacred liberty,
 Protect our rights as honourable men?
 Pause ere ye act. Too soon the mighty blow
 That sinks our ancient city to a plain,
 Shall burst upon your dreaming resolutions,

And, when too late, will rouse ye up to wisdom !
 When have I shrunk from the rude blast of war ?
 When have I crouched beneath a vile protection ?
 No ! I have bravely, honourably fought,
 Poured out my honest blood for your security,
 And this, ye Polish sages, is my recompense !
 Shall I wield arms beneath a stripling's order ?
 Shall I give way when strangers shall command ?
 Rather be crushed, ye venerable piles !
 Perish, ye much-loved walls, and in your crash
 Bury VARANES' honour and your own !

The ingratitude and baseness of a seducer to the victim of his villany, is forcibly delineated in the following dialogue, as is also the remorse, a female feels for her fall, and the act of fatal desperation to which it will sometimes drive her :—

RIVOSKI.

Thou hast a son !

ENDERMION.

Alas ! ALFONSO.

RIVOSKI.

Than whom—

In all the ranks of coward, barbarous Poles,
 There is no creeping, blighted wretch, that more
 Swells my full heart with hate !

ENDERMION.

Forgive me, Heav'n,
 That weakness which can ne'er return ! Once, alas !
 My soul was wrapt in love for this base man !

RIVOSKI.

Thou dost provoke my laughter. What ENDERMION !
 She plays the coy and modest maid ! Enhance
 Her studied bargain by a well-schooled blush !

ENDERMION.

What wouldst thou have me do ? For thee alone
 I've sacrificed the sum of earthly happiness—
 For thee, I've given up all that could embellish
 The fleeting days of youth, or smooth my age.

RIVOSKI.

Then thou shouldst die and end the journey well.

ENDERMION.

Truly I should. For what is left to woman

To justify the injuries of villains,
 But all-concealing death ? And though 'tis hard
 And painful to the sense, yet not so hard
 As man's ingratitude.

RIVOSKI.

Wherefore should words

Delay the execution of thy wishes ?
 If thou but stand'st for plain and certain proof
 Of my forgiveness of the act—know plainly then,
 That if my heart could feel a touch of joy,
 'Twould be that thou, o'ercome with misery,
 Blotted from virtue's page, in withered hope
 Hadst fallen—hadst mingled with the dust I tread,
 And I would stamp upon 't as though an adder
 Crawled 'neath my angry foot. [Exit RIVOSKI.]

ENDERMION.

The treasures of an unknown world are said
 To pay us amply in an after-time
 For all the wrongs and injuries of man !
 But this, all this, my folly bears, and yet
 I tremble thus to end it ! This the blow
 My wretchedness can only further feel,
 And this is sweeter as it nearer comes.
 Thus to thy heart, inhuman villain, thine !
 The sharpened dagger not inflicts the wound ;
 'Tis man's ingratitude and woman's frailty.

[Stabs herself.]

Enter ALFONSO.

ALFONSO.

Hold, hold, thy impious hand.

[Receives her.]

There are many passages of equal merit throughout the piece ; and upon the whole, the tragedy is a very creditable composition.—It wants variety of incident to render it perfectly effective in representation ; but it contains matter for light and agreeable reading in the closet. Besides, the crime on which the catastrophe turns, as the name indicates, is so revolting as to render a treatise upon it, either in the shape of a tragedy or in any other form, unacceptable and unpopular in a mixed assembly.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

"The THEATRE is the "world of pleasure," from which the manners and morals of society derive improvement, and which help to

"—make the nauseous draught of life go down."

It contributes to our delight and instruction, and tends to the exaltation of our ideas."

C.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances with Remarks.

July 23.—Belles Stratagem—Ballet—Sleeping Draught.

24.—Liar—Ballet—Citizen—Miller's Maid. [Benefit of Madame CATALANI].

This was the last night of Madame CATALANI's vocal performances, and the house was crowded to an overflow. She sang several of her most favourite pieces with the same enchanting air and tone for which she is so celebrated. Upon the performance of this unrivalled singer, we feel it unnecessary to make any particular remark; she filled the audience, as usual, with pleasure and astonishment. In our opinion, each delighted spectator must have occasionally gazed upon this accomplished woman, expecting, in the words of the impassioned author of *Lalla Rookh*,

"To see the face

Of ISRAFIL, the angel, there"

We are given to understand, that for 6 nights performances at this house, she received £700, which, as she sung at the rate of 3 songs per night, is at the rate of nearly £40 per song!—

26.—Know your own Mind—Turn Out—A Masquerade. [Benefit of Miss ISABELLA PATON].

This was the last night of the season. The soporific qualities of MURPHY's comedy were greatly redeemed by the excellent acting of ELLISTON in *Millamour*, and Mrs. HARLOWE in *Mrs. Bromley*. Miss I. (not L. as formerly printed) PATON also played with admirable spirit and effect. This young lady will, we dare prophecy, become a first rate ornament to the company to which she may belong. Her

personification of the fashionable coquette, was in the best style of the art. We cannot take off our pen, without expressing our cordial wishes for her future success, which we have no doubt she will insure, by her deserts. The lively but absurd farce of "*Turn Out*" was followed by a grand masquerade, in which, the entertainments which we had always considered peculiar to Vauxhall, and such places of popular amusement were transplanted to the stage of Old Drury. The French Juggler, Fantoccini, and a grand display of fireworks, closed the season of one of our principal "national theatres!" During the masquerade, Miss PATON walked the *minuet de la cœur* with Mr. NOBLE, with the utmost grace and elegance.

Previous to the farce, Mr. ELLISTON made an address to the audience, in which he thanked them for the liberal patronage he had received, and assured them of his determination to continue to deserve it, by the arrangements he had entered into, for the next season. He believed all their old favourites would meet them again, and several new performers were engaged ; and he assured them, that no pains or expense, would be spared to uphold the proper dignity of the national drama. The address was received with great applause,—and the season concluded, we may say, without fear of trespassing beyond the truth, to the entire satisfaction of all present.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

July 23.—Mrs. Smith—Married and Single—Two Pages of Frederick the Great.

24.—Married and Single—Lock and Key—Katharine and Petruchio.

26.—Twelve Precisely—Married and Single—Sweethearts and Wives.

27.—Padlock—Young Quaker—Two Pages.

28.—Beggars Opera—Killing no Murder—Married and Single.

29.—Mrs. Smith—Heir at Law—Two Pages.

30.—Seeing is Believing—Sweethearts and Wives—Married and Single.

31.—*Twelve Precisely*—*Such Things are*—Padlock.

This dull and insipid comedy of Mrs. INCHBALD's was revived this evening. It will be recollected that the piece was written in compliment to the philanthropist JOHN HOWARD, at the period when his labours were the theme of universal wonder and admiration. However we may respect the feeling which suggested to the authoress a subject for her drama, the execution, and therefore the revival, we must in the most unqualified manner condemn. Unnatural in its plot, and meagre in its language, dull in its details, and common-place in all its incidents, developing nothing of character and little of conception, we cannot imagine why it has been revived by the manager, while so many of its superiors are allowed to remain upon the shelf. Mr. FARREN performed for the first time the part of *Sir Luke Tremor*, and did more for the character than the dramatist has done. LISTON, as *Twineall*, was quite "out of his element," and appeared to feel it as an attack on his professional celebrity to put him in the part. We cannot speak in terms too high of Mr. COOPER's representation of *Mr. Haswell*; we do not think we have ever seen him to greater advantage, or more perfectly the character he undertook to personify. Mrs. GIBBS very ably supported the part of *Lady Tremor*, and Mrs. GLOVER with the exception of a little too much whining was excellent as the female prisoner *Arabella*; although we think she was injudiciously chosen as the representative of one who had fed on gaol diet, and had been subject to prison discipline for 14 years, a mode of existence which infallibly deprives us of some of "the grosser particles of our nature." In the comic sketch of "*Twelve Precisely*" Mrs. CHATTERLEY displayed her varied talent, although she received but little support from her lover Mr. JOHNSON. In the afterpiece Miss LOVE who appears to be never so much at home as when in masculine apparel, acted the part of *Leander*, and Miss PATON that of *Leonora*, admirably: the latter was encored in "*Say, little foolish, fluttering thing.*" WILLIAMS was excellent as *Diego*, and Mr. WEST equally clever as *Mungo*.

Aug. 2nd—Young Quaker—Killing no Murder—Two Pages.

3rd—Seeing is Believing—Married and Single—Sweethearts and Wives.

4.—Matrimony—Beggars' Opera—Young Quaker.

5.—Sylvester Daggerwood—Marriage of Figaro—Married and Single.

6.—Lovers Quarrels—Sweethearts and Wives—Two Strings to your bow.

7.—Twelve Precisely—Killing no Murder—Love in a Village.

9.—Sylvester Daggerwood—Married and Single—Sweethearts and Wives.

10.—Matrimony—The *ALCAID*; or the *Secrets of Office*, [1st time.]—Family Jars.

This new opera is from the pen of Mr. KENNEY, author of "*Sweethearts and Wives*," "*Raising the Wind*," &c. As his worship the *Alcaid* is not likely to fill his situation for any great length of time, we shall not devote much of our space to a description of his follies and frailties. In looking at the list of characters which the bill presents, and at the names of the excellent actors sustaining them, one would have been led to expect something of a passable description—something to fix the attention or provoke the laugh; but for three whole hours were we drugged with situations filched from other authors, and with music which every frequenter of our theatres must have heard before.

Our readers naturally enough expect from us some outline of the story; but in this expectation we must disappoint them; for story the *Alcaid* has none. *Don Christopher Toxado*, [W. FARREN,] is represented as a Spanish Chief Magistrate of Police, who affects to see every thing at the greatest distance; but who is juggled, duped, and cheated under his own nose. He considers his wife, *Donna Therésina*, [Mrs. GLOVER,] a paragon of loyalty and devotion; his son *Felix*, [Mad. VESTRIS,] a student at Salamanca, as an example for imitation; and his niece *Re-sabel*, [Miss PATON,] as a model of female perfection; whereas it subsequently appears, that the wife and niece are masqueraders and intriguers, and the favourite son one of the greatest libertines of the day. *Don Toxado*, even in FARREN's hands, had not a solitary redeeming point about it. His rencontre with *Donna Francisca*, [Mrs.

GARRICK,] was out of all keeping; and the passport scene with *Margaretta*, [Mrs. GIBBS,] we were astonished to find endured by an audience, many of whom appeared to be respectable females. Bad as the thing is, it is not original; for every one that recollects the "*Busy Body*," must have instantly discovered where it was stolen. Madame VESTRIS played the libertine son with great archness and vivacity; Mrs. GLOVER, the wife, with more modesty than we fear is usually to be found in intriguing wives; and Miss PATON, the gallanting niece, without a single particle of prudery or disguise. LISTON as *Pedrosa* represented the secretary of his worship, the *Alcaid*, but his office did not seem concerned in the suppression of vice, or the explanation of perplexing laws, so often necessary. He never passed a thought in detecting offenders and bringing them to justice; but in gulling his worship, in receiving bribes from every one interested in the practice of folly, if not of vice, and in forwarding the views of midnight revellers, and aiding the amours of ill-assorted lovers. With such materials nothing could be effected. HARLEY, as *Jabez*, was amusing, and he cannot be otherwise; but the jealous husband of a coquetting wife can present us with little that is new, or otherwise interesting. The whole of the third act could be usefully dispensed with: or if introduced, should have preceeded the discovery and juncture of the lovers. The plot does not develop itself, but is narrated by *Pedrosa*, previous to the conclusion of the second act, and then it was, that this every-day contrivance, of placing *Jabez*, as a titled prisoner, in the place of the real offender, *Felix*, should have been allowed to produce its miserable modicum of effect, Although there was nothing above common-place in the dialogue; it was occasionally smart.

The music was by Mr. NATHAN, and was an unblushing adaption of the strains of other composers—in fact the music and the *Alcaid* were mutually worthy of each other, but we must add that, disabled as the latter was, his presence for next evening was announced with more applause than hissing.

The following songs will give a fair sample of the excellence of the poetry; adding, that the *encores* by the author's friends were offensively numerous.

DUET.—FELIX and ROSABEL.

Oh ! happy, happy, happy lovers !
 Happy youth, and happy maid,
 When tremblingly each heart discovers
 All its love by love repaid.

Grateful bosoms beat,
 Raptured glances meet,
 In a gentle sigh,
 All your sorrows die—

Oh ! happy, happy, happy lovers !

Happy youth, and happy maid !
 Hope's dream delighting.

Past pangs requiting,

Thoughts full of heaven, confiding and free ;

No void left aching,

Tender hearts breaking,—

When will that day come for you and for me ?

Oh ! happy, happy, &c. &c.

SONG.—MADAME VESTRIS.

My gauntlet's down, my flag unfurled,

Whate'er my fortune be,

For thee, my love, I'd lose the world,

Or win a world in thee !

Yes ! thou shalt be my polar star.

O'er youth's bewildering tide,

To lands of promised bliss afar,

My bright and beaming guide !

My gauntlet's down, &c.

SONG.—ROSABEL.—MISS PATON.

Haste ! haste ! I pray thee haste away,

And seek my gentle Cavalier,

And if he ever loved me, say :

A grateful heart awaits him here.

When his bright form my steps pursued,

Came he to mock my simple youth ?

Those eyes that oft for pity woo'd

Was it not their light of love and truth ?

Haste ! haste, &c.

SONG.—JABEZ.

That wedlock's divine,

May be all very fine,

When a man has his happiness handy :

But wedlock like mine
 Is on gruel to dine,
 Or a meaker of punch without brandy.
 Heigho ! Heigho ! to my lot that it ever should fall,
 Like an addle-brain dunce,
 Thus to wed all at once ;
 And no bride-cake, no honey-moon, no nothing at all.
 As for me and my fair,
 We are much such a pair,
 As two squinting eyes, or forlorners,
 When one, we suppose,
 Is for ogling the nose,
 And one for a twist round the corner.

Heigho ! heigho, &c. &c.

- 11.—Lovers Quarrels—Ibid—Exchange no Robbery.
- 12.—Twelve Precisely—Ibid—Fish out of Water.
- 13.—Sylvester Daggerwood—Ibid—High Life below Stairs.
- 14.—Matrimony—Ibid—A Roland for an Oliver.
- 16.—Lovers' Quarrels—Ibid.—Love Law and Physic.
- 17.—A Day after the Wedding—Ibid.—Married and Single.
- 18.—Lovers Quarrels.—Ibid.—XYZ.
- 19.—Twelve Precisely—Sweethearts and Wives—Two Strings to your Bow.
- 20.—Pigeons and Crows—Ibid.—Matrimony.
- 21.—Of Age to-morrow—Beggars' Opera—Married and Single.
- 23.—Blue Devils—Sweethearts and Wives—Married and Single.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

July 23rd—Der Freischütz—Military Tactics.

On reference to our list of performances it will be seen that this piece has been eminently successful. The opera itself is a literal translation from the celebrated German Opera, composed by CARL MARIA VON WEBER: It has been dramatised by RINK, and the English translator is Mr. LOGAN, who has evinced both musical and poetical talent in his adaption of it to the English Stage.

The previous celebrity of the Opera, which has been performed in thirty different theatres on the same night in Germany ; the celebrity too, of the work, *The Tales of the Northern Nations*, and of the Legend of "*the Wild Huntsman*" from which it is taken, together with the assistance of a *double Orchestra*, have attracted brilliant audiences. The plot we have slightly noticed in our last, and it will be seen that a more complete extravaganza—a plot of equally romantic absurdity—a production composed of incidents so extraordinary and so improbable—was never, perhaps, brought out at this, or any other theatre, except a German one. That the fact of its being a legendary tale of the North, and the circumstance of its local allusions to the superstitions and prejudices of the people, may render the original piece popular in Germany is not to be wondered at. To us, however, its only redeeming quality is some really beautiful music with which it is associated. To this, and to the soul-harrowing effects of an incantation scene, most cleverly executed, may be ascribed the success which the opera has met with in this country. WEBER is unquestionably a great musician ; there is a gay, joyous, and sparkling combination of "sweet sounds" in his music, which pleases the untutored ear no less than they win the approval and good opinion of the scientific. The overture is a splendid composition, and receives nightly a rapturous *encore*. "*Before my eyes beheld him,*" is really a piece which, in point of merit as a musical composition, yields to no modern production with which we are acquainted. Miss NOEL gave it sweetly, but we could wish that her sweetness was sustained by a corresponding depth and power.

BRAHAM is delightful throughout and testifies his sense of the merit of the music, by heaving the rich variety of sounds with which it abounds like a load from his breast. The effect with which he gives the trio—" *But does thy heart forgive me,*" (with Misses NOEL and POVEY) could not be exceeded. "It rose like a stream of rich perfumes upon the air." He was no less powerful and impressive in an introduced air in the 3d act "*A Woodland life among the Hills,*" which was as exquisite a piece of music as almost any in the original opera, the chorus of Foresters in the same act would alone redeem any piece from

failure.—The incantation scene is one of intense interest and exceedingly well managed. The following description of its successive horrors, is from the play bill itself, which we transcribe for the benefit of our country readers.—

Act II Sc. II The Wolfs Glen at Midnight.

Chorus of Invisible Spirits as the clock strikes 12—Grand and Impressive Music preparatory to the *Incantation*.—Casper's Summons, and Appearance of *Zamiel*.—Music indicative of the Magic Ceremonies.—Accompanied Recitative, *Rodolph*—Apparitions of *Rodolph's* Mother and of *Agnes*—Charm, and Blessing of the Balls.

THE CASTING OF THE BALLS.—At No. 1, (repeated by the echoes) the Moon is eclipsed, Night-Birds and Apparitions of various Monsters appear. At No. 2, The *Witch of the Glen* and various Reptiles appear.—At No. 3, A Storm and Hurricane break down Trees and scatter the Fire—Monstrous Forms move through the Glen, and the Torrent turns to Blood!—At No. 4, The Rattle of Wheels and Tramp of Horses are heard, and two wheels of fire roll through the Glen—At No. 5, Neighing and Barking are heard—Amid discordant and eccentric Music, supposed to accompany the Wild Chace in Air, the misty forms of a skeleton Stag, skeleton Horsemen and Hounds, pass over the magic circle in the clouds, to a Hunting Chorus of Spirits—At No. 6, Tremendous Storm of Thunder, Lightning and Hail—Meteors dart through the Air and dance on the Hills—The Torrent foams and roars—The Rocks are riven, and fresh Apparitions appear; and all the horrors of the preceding scenes are accumulated, in order to drive the **FREISHUTZ** from the magic circle.—At No. 7, A Tree is rent asunder—*Zamiel* appears, surrounded by Fire, and the Scene closes as the clock strikes ONE!

This scene would be rendered much more *charming* if it were considerably shortened.—In conclusion, for the lovers of the legitimate drama this piece possesses few recommendations, but to the lover of music it presents numberless attractions.

24.—Ibid.—Ibid.

26.—Ibid.—Free and Easy.

27.—Ibid.—Gretna Green.

28.—Ibid.—Military Tactics—Love among the Roses.

29.—Ibid.—Lover's Dream.

30.—Ibid.—Gretna Green.

31.—Ibid.—Free and Easy.

Aug. 2d.—Ibid.—Military Tactics—A Dun a Day.

3d.—Ibid.—I will have a Wife.

4th.—Ibid.—Padlock.

Mr. SLOMAN who has long been the prime favourite of the laughter-loving frequenters of the Cobourg made his *débüt* here as *Mungo* in this amusing little Opera; and much to his credit, showed that he could leave behind him the grosser buffoonery which the taste of his former auditors might perhaps require. There was no over-doing of the thing in this instance—no caricature; on the contrary Mr. S. seemed very judiciously to keep his performance rather in under-tone and to make it apparent that he could, if he deemed it prudent, have carried the humour somewhat further. It was however more effective on that very account, and the reiterated plaudits of so thronged an audience may justify the expectation that this performer in the cast of character which is suited to his talent, knows how to hit the taste, and play up to the perceptions of the audience before which he appears.

5.—Ibid.—THE REIGN OF TWELVE HOURS [1st time]

This piece met with a favourable reception, owing to the admirable acting of Mr. BARTLEY and Miss KELLY. We will not say that it possesses a powerful interest, or a great abundance of humor, but it is light, and passes on pleasantly to a rather too obvious a conclusion.—The following is a description of the story;—

The *Caliph*, [BARTLEY,] has been induced, by the representations of bad advisers, to banish a virtuous vizier, who took with him a daughter, the lovely and witty *Nourma*, [Miss KELLY,] In time the Caliph discovered his error, but not before the death of the banished vizier, whose daughter, however, he invited to his court, and lavished on her such attentions as excited the jealousy of his son, *Prince Zeanger*, [PEARMAN,] who, without having seen *Nourma*, conceived such a rooted hatred of her, as caused the *Caliph* to imprison him to secure the safety of the young favorite. *Nourma*, however, entertains a generous affection for the Prince, and has charmed him, incog. by her musical talents whilst confined in his dun-

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geon. A Princess *Zoraide*, [Miss HENRY,] at this period, has been proposed as a match for *Zeanger*, which the *Caliph* desires as a bond of peace between him and a neighbouring state, but the unknown veiled musician has interested his feelings too much to allow him to assent to his father's wishes—the consequence is, the Prince is returned to more vigorous imprisonment. *Nourma*, determined to gain the affections of the Prince, and reconcile the father and son, induces the *Caliph*, as if it were for a joke, to invest her with the sovereign power for the space of twelve hours. In the capacity of Queen she plays with the royal feeling of the abdicated Monarch: and having exchanged characters with the princess for a trial of her personal power over the Prince, she has him set at liberty—wins his heart as *Zoraide*—avows herself—and delights *Zeanger* with proving that it is in woman's power to conquer by her charms, the heart, and also to destroy the prejudices of man. She is united to *Zeanger*, and the *Caliph* and his son embrace, thus happily concluding *A Reign of Twelve Hours*. The Music by Mr. HERBERT, if not very original, was pleasing. Mr. PEARMAN had an encore.—The house was crowded at an early hour.

6.—Ibid.—Ibid.

7.—Ibid.—Ibid.

9.—Ibid.—Military Tactics—A Dun a Day.

10.—Ibid.—Padlock.

11.—Ibid.—I will have a Wife.

12.—Ibid.—Reign of Twelve Hours.

13.—Ibid.—Ibid.

14.—Ibid.—Ibid.

16.—Ibid.—Military Tactic—Love among Roses.

17.—Ibid.—Turnpike Gate.

18.—Ibid.—I will have a Wife.

19.—Ibid.—The Reign of Twelve Hours.

20.—Ibid.—Rival Soldiers—Fire and Water.

21.—Ibid.—Ibid.—Reign of Twelve Hours.

23.—Ibid.—Free and Easy.

MINOR DRAMA.

SURREY THEATRE.

This theatre has, we believe, gone on somewhat more

prosperously since our last notice : great exertions have been made to secure public patronage ; the performances, brought forward in a very spirited manner, have been all well received, and the auxiliary aids of scenery, dresses, and decorations, have been of the most splendid description. The following is a list of the novelties :

" *THE GIPSEY HAUNT, or the Caverns of the Clyde,*" is an interesting Scotch melo-drama, founded on the Drury Lane piece of "*The Falls of Clyde.*" The merits of this piece are so well known to the public, that it would be superfluous to enter into any lengthened notice on the subject : we shall only observe, that the acting displayed was of a very respectable description, particularly that of Mr. H. KEMBLE and Mrs. YOUNG.

The FAIRIES PARADISE, or Harlequin Ploughboy," a new pantomime, (in which the tricks and scenery were admirable, both for their novelty and style of execution, and Signor PAULO, as *Clown*, displayed his antics) was received with considerable approbation and has been nightly performed to crowded half price houses.

16.—*The BURNING BRIDGE ; or The Spectre of the Lake.*

This melo drama is from the pen of Mr. BALL ; and possesses considerable interest, as will be seen from the following materials :—

Konang, a Chinese Mandarin of wealth and influence, had been in early life a dependant on *Kalmac* [H. KEMBLE], but, envying him his riches, and inspired by a passion for his wife, he contrives that he shall be attacked by a banditti of Tartars, while travelling with his family. The attack succeeds, and *Kalmac* is taken and sold for a slave. The wife and son escape, but are followed by *Konang*, who, failing in his attempts on her virtue, murders her, but not until she has found means to preserve her son. *Konang* then returns, relates that *Kalmac* and his family had perished in an engagement with the Tartars ; and, by the production of a forged will, succeeds to his possessions. *Kalmac*, after a slavery of 15 years, during which he had discovered the treachery of *Konang*, escapes, and returns to his palace, just as his son, a supposed orphan, of unknown parentage, is on the point of marriage with *Zelind*, [Mrs. LOVEDAY], daughter of *Konang*. He relates his story ; and, though recognised by *Konang*, and *Honn*

[AULD], this accomplice in all these villainies, is treated as an impostor, and imprisoned for daring to calumniate a Mandarin. During his imprisonment, *Konang* and *Hoan* conspire to murder him, and are just on the point of accomplishing it, but are prevented by the appearance of the *Spectre of the Lake*, or, in other words, the ghost of *Kalmac's* wife, which terrifies *Konang* almost to madness, and is a principal cause of establishing the identity of *Kalmac*. The murderers then form another plot for the destruction of their victim, but fall themselves into the snare; *Hoan* shooting *Konang* from the mistake that he is *Kalmac*, and *Konang*, before he dies, confesses the full extent of his villainies, and the piece then concludes.

The acting was most excellent, particularly that of Messrs. ROWBOTHAM and KEMBLE.—The dying scene of the former, received much applause, altho' we thought there was a little too much of caricature in it. The latter elevated his voice to too high a pitch at first, and consequently was unable to regain breath sufficient to give with due solemnity, the explanatory speeches which he has to deliver, in the latter part of the play; they both however gave great effect, to the many interesting situations in which they were placed. We are surprised, the manager did not give the part of *Zelinda*, to that clever actress, Mrs. SHEPPARE; the lady who undertook it, was quite incompetent to the task. The scenery by TOMKINS, excelled any thing that has been seen on a minor stage, for many years, and, in fact, is above all praise. The scenes of *Konang Palace* on the borders of a bridge and lake, with the torrent at sunrise, the palace of golden lattices—and the illuminated bridge and pagoda by moonlight, are of themselves well worth going to see. Indeed, from the style in which this piece has been brought out, the proprietor well deserves the public support. "*The Painters' Study*" followed in which we recognized the farce of "*Plot and Counterplot*," but it has been deprived of none of its humour, by the alteration of its name. WYATT and HARWOOD were exceedingly droll, as *Pedrillo* and *Fabio*, and Mrs. LOVEDAY as *Juana*, is as perfect an Abigail as we would wish to see. The concluding piece was the "*GROEME, or The Wizard of the Moon*," of which we have only room to say, that it

is taken from the "*Black Dwarf*," very effectively got up and decently performed.

COBOURG THEATRE.

This splendid establishment (the proprietors of which, have during the past month manifested the utmost taste, enterprize, and liberality), is in a very flourishing way, having received an extraordinary share of public patronage. The company, which is now collected within its walls, possesses more real talent, than perhaps has ever been seen on the stage of a minor theatre, and the performances have been of the most superior description. Several of our best tragedies (compressed into three acts) have been produced in a manner that would reflect no discredit on either of the larger establishments, and we must confess we have seen pieces at those houses not a whit better (if so well) performed, as several which have appeared here during the past month. The tragedies of *Fredolfo*, by MATURIN, (under the title of *St. GOTHARD'S MOUNT*, or *Fatal Retribution*,) *Adelgitha*, by LEWIS (under the name of *St. HILDA'S CAVE*, or *The Child of Crime*,) and *Jane Shore*, have been performed in the finest manner imaginable. The original play from which the first named piece has been taken, possesses passages of splendid poetical beauty and striking dramatic effect, but, owing to the squeamish feelings of a too *sensitive* audience, it will be recollected, was rejected on its first performance at Covent Garden Theatre. The luxuriant wildness of the language, the vivid, and varied beauty infused into the whole of the scenes, the originality of the situations, the forcible delineation of character, and the terrific materials of which the fable is composed, decidedly render the tragedy the noblest drama (of its gifted author's peculiarly romantic cast) with which the Annals of Thespian History since SHAKESPEARE's time have been enriched : and we can only lament that the pen of such a "master-spirit" should be sacrificed to the paltry ordeal of a one-shilling gallery, although at the same time we must cease to wonder at the scarcity of good writers for the stage.

Mr. HUNTLEY (who made his first appearance for the season) played that "thing of weakness and deformity" *Berthold*, with all the characteristic energy, and spirit, for

which he is so famed ; and gave the fine soliloquies in the part with admirable judgment and effect. We are sorry we cannot find space sufficient to specify in particular, the many brilliant points he often made. Mr. COBHAM, as *Lord Fredolfo* gave a complete portraiture of a noble mind, worn down with care, age, sorrow, apprehension, and guilt, and frequently received the most rapturous approbation for his chaste and inimitable performance of such an arduous character. Mr. BURROUGHS, as the "un-owned, the wanderer," *Adelmar*, the object of *Fredolfo's* unceasing persecution and inexplicable hate, played most effectively, and gave the principal points with that dramatic tact, for which we have oftentimes awarded him our unqualified approbation ; Mr. BENGOUGH, as the imperious lover, *Count Wallenberg*, performed with strict propriety and effect ; and Miss WATSON was respectable as the ill-starred *Urilda*. The piece was deservedly received with loud acclamations, and has been several times performed, to crowded and fashionable audiences.

On the 9th, the celebrated Miss MACAULEY, made her appearance as *Adelgitha*. We cannot but congratulate the management on the important addition they have made to their *corps dramatique*, by the engagement of this lady—an actress of decided (and acknowledged) merit ; but who, by a somewhat extraordinary persecution, has been driven from Drury Lane and Covent Garden to this theatre, which, although one of the first minor theatres, does not afford sufficient scope for the display of those talents, that she is admitted to possess, even by those, whom she appears justly to consider as her *illiberal* opponents. This lady has very recently laid a statement before the public, which, although it may not be unanswerable, is unanswered. If that statement be correct, she has reason to complain that her treatment has been neither fair, generous, nor manly, on the part of those by whose means she has been prevented from the regular exercise of her profession. As "a servant of the public," she is entitled to that public protection, which in some shape or other, is never denied to the oppressed. Of the present managers of our winter theatres, she has no other complaint, than that they have refused her the temporary engagement, which the manager of the Coburg has,

with praiseworthy liberality granted to her. We hope, indeed we are sure, his object will be answered as it respects his theatre, and that he will add to his own *character*, while his *treasury* is increased. We extract from the publication to which we have alluded, the concluding passages of Miss M's letter to Mr. ELLISTON.

"I beseech you, my dear sir, to reflect deeply before you determine to withhold your protection. You allow me the possession of talent ; you say you do not doubt my attraction ; yet you not only reject my present appeal, but place a bar against all future application, by saying that 'your arrangements are made for years to come, and no negotiation can be entered into with me.' There is only one inference to be drawn from this, which is, that the doors of Drury Lane Theatre, though open to other competitors, are inevitably closed against me. If this be so, can it be presumption in me to enquire why it is so ? If I have done any wrong, let me know wherein I have offended. If I have done no wrong, is my total exclusion from the theatre an act of justice, either to the public or myself ?"

Now, in the present dearth of female dramatic talent we may be naturally astonished why this lady should be so strangely abandoned. If Mr. ELLISTON has "made his arrangements for years to come," Mr. ELLISTON has forgotten the *duty* of a theatrical manager, (and at the same time his *promises*,) in closing the doors of his theatre, thus hermetically against the entrance of any talent that may appear ; and if he has not made such arrangements, we think he might have assigned an independent reason for the exclusion of a lady, who is manifestly superior in natural talent, acquirements, and a knowledge of *stage tact*, to any actress on the London boards. Notwithstanding the narrow limits to which her exertions were confined, we have been borne out in our latter assertion by her performances at this theatre, and by her recent and more private recitations at the Argyle rooms. In the drama of *Adelgitha* the conception, feeling, and judgment, which she displayed, were surprisingly great, particularly in the latter scenes : in these, her powers were ably and effectively displayed. Her fine voice, chaste action, and dignified demeanour, were only excelled by her perfect conception of the character she sur-

tained. In the scenes with *Michael* and *Guiscard*, her acting was as fine and impressive as can be imagined. She was well supported by HUNTLEY, COBHAM and BENGOUGH, the former, as *Guiscard*, was animated and judicious, the latter, as *Michael*, played the tyrant exceedingly well, but we do not admire the manner in which the *character is drawn*. The scenes between COBHAM, as *Lothair*, and Miss WATSON, as *Imma*, were full of delicacy and executed with the most pleasing effect. Miss MACAULEY was received with enthusiastic plaudits and the piece altogether elicited great approbation.

"FREEBOOTERS OF VENICE, or the Jew and his Family."

This very interesting after-piece, is from the pen of Mr. MILNER, and we were more pleased with it than any of the same nature, which has appeared for a long time, and it might certainly lay claim to a higher rank in dramatic literature than the ordinary run of melo-dramas. It is, we think, the same as was performed at Drury Lane some seasons ago, under the title of the *The Jew of Lubeck*, or *the Heart of a Father*. The plot runs thus :

A young Austrian nobleman, *Count Albert Donamar*, [BURROUGHS] takes for his bosom friend, a needy adventurous villain, *Magliano*, who, apparently without any other motive than that of envy of his young friend's better fortune, prevails upon him to denounce his father, *Count Donamar*, to the government as a traitor. The injured father, is exiled in consequence, and is compelled to leave his country in such haste, that he has not time to inform his daughter *Rosa*, [Miss WATSON,] of his disgrace. The two friends then become sharpers by profession, and by a very natural gradation, robbers and murderers. The father retires to the neighbourhood of Venice, disguised as a *Jew*, and with his *Major Domo*, [DAVIDGE,] keeps open house for the distressed peasantry or traveller, but is himself a prey to the deepest affliction. Things are in this state, when his daughter, wandering in search of her father, reaches a forest, and overhears her brother and his insidious friend plotting the robbery and murder of the *Jew*. Their counsel is assisted by *Stephano*, [BRADLEY,] "a fellow quoted and signed to do a deed of shame." *Rosa*, seeks the house of the *Jew*, determined to frustrate their diabolical intentions,

but without any idea that he is her father, and reaches it a minute before the robbers. She does not, however, make herself known, but contents herself with marring their designs in secret. The miscreants arrive, at the period, when a little festival, in celebration of the birth-day of the benevolent Jew, is held by his household and the neighbouring village, and they are invited into the house. In the middle of the night they enter the chamber of the *Jew* to put their murderous project in force, but are interrupted by *Rosa*, who rushes from behind a screen, and arrests the arm of her brother at the moment he is about to poniard his father; an éclaircissement takes place, and the first act closes upon this scene. The second opens with the *Jew* in great distress, at the predicament of his abandoned son, for it seems that his enormities had been so great, that the Austrian prince with an armed force, were in pursuit of him, and he is compelled to fly. *Rosa*, however, succeeds in obtaining a pardon for him, and arrives at the moment he is taken, and about to suffer military execution.

The principal character in the piece was of course the *Jew*, and it afforded great scope for the masterly talents of Mr. COBHAM, and of this he availed himself to the fullest extent; in the first act, his collected dignity and suppressed grief, and in the second, his passion of filial affection, were delineated in the most effective manner. The other performers supported him most creditably, and the piece met the approbation it so well deserved.

That clever melo-drama, "*THE OLD OAK CHEST, or the Smuggler's Sons and the Robber's Daughter*," written by Miss SCOTT, and originally performed at the Adelphi Theatre, has been played as an after-piece during the past month, and its attraction has been such, as to crowd the theatre up to the very ceiling at half price. The acting of Messrs. DAVIDGE, BRADLEY, BLANCHARD, BENGOUGH, and BURROUGHS, and Mrs. DAVIDGE, was most excellent, the scenery new, and admirably executed.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Several new pieces have been brought forward at this Theatre since our last notice—of these the principal are :

ABDELLAC THE TERRIFIC! or *The Fisherman of Algiers*, in which a very clever representation of the city of Algiers, with its bombardment by the British fleet—on real water, met with immense applause and attracted crowded houses.

THE RAVENS OF ORLEANS, or the *Forest of Cercottes*, is a translation from the French. "*Les Corbeaux accusateurs; ou, la Forêt de Sercotte*," from which it is taken, is the production of M. M. CAIGNEZ and SERVAN, and was brought out at the *Theatre de la Port St. Martin*, in Dec. 1816, with some excellent music by PICCINI. It is one of those productions, the interest of which depends entirely on transition and stage effect; such as the "*Maid and the Magpie*, and *Family of Anglade*." In the first of these, a magpie produces the mischief, in the present piece, ravens detect it. It was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1817, but was not very favourably received. The piece is as good as the common run of such things, and has met with much favour from the audiences of Sadler's Wells. The performers displayed no extraordinary ability, for which indeed their parts afforded them little opportunity. The scenery was pretty, appropriate and effective.

ROYAL VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Aug. 12th—Every place of public amusement has some particular day selected and set apart for peculiar display. The occasion of the King's visit to the Theatre, the day of the Derby stakes at Epsom, and the 12th of August at Vauxhall, are the days on which these respective resorts of the gay and fashionable world are thronged with a more than ordinary numerous and brilliant concourse of visitors. In the selection of the day by the proprietors of Vauxhall, a becoming motive of loyalty seems to have had a share which is well adapted, and agreeable to the feelings and taste of the people of England. This evening these gardens, "put on all their beauty and their brilliancy," and shone forth in all the gorgeous splendour of oriental magnificence. Several thousand additional lamps (we could not easily count how many), variegated and disposed in curious and fantastic forms, greatly augmented the

beauty of these delightful gardens, and enhanced the entertainments, which were kept up in great variety, and corresponding excellence throughout the evening. The space enclosed by the covered walk was literally enveloped in "one unclouded blaze of living light." From an early hour the company began to assemble, and the gardens were soon filled. The performances were all highly creditable to the management of these gardens. The orchestra was under the controul of Mr. ROOKE, and the style in which the musical pieces were got up, bespoke great ability and competency for the department entrusted to his charge.

The overture from *Der Freischütz* was very effectively performed, though with the disadvantage of encountering the drawback inseparable from musical performances in the open air. There was sung, "Even as the Sun," by Miss WITHAM, a young lady, and a *débutante* of considerable promise. The *Musical Temple*, the *Fantoccini Exhibition*, the *Cosmoramas*, and the *French Jugglers*, were all in requisition to heighten and diversify the entertainments. "THE KING, OUR PATRON'S NATAL DAY," in green and pink variegated lamps, was tastefully arranged, and attracted particular attention. There were many new devices in the display of fireworks. Amongst the most attractive we noticed a superb circle of forty-eight radii, with "*Vivat Rex*" in the centre; a new piece of firework, changing at intervals, displaying the words, "God save the King;" a grand representation of a cross, with scroll-work in crimson and yellow, and a variety of chain-work represented in white first, with a conclusion representing lattice-work of the most extensive magnitude. It was calculated that there were no less than 12,000 persons present, and the night continued highly favourable, although there were a few intimidating showers in the early part of the evening. Amongst many distinguished families and persons present we noticed the Russian, Portuguese, and Dutch Ambassadors, the Earl of Ormonde, Lady Burgoyne, &c. &c.

HISTORY OF VAUXHALL.

It appears in a record of the reign of EDWARD I. that

the manor of *Faukeshall* contained 29 Acres of Meadow, valued at 3d an acre and 20 acres of arable land, at 4d an acre. It probably received its name from *FOUKES DE BRENT*, who having married *MARGARET DE RIPARIUS* became possessed of the Manor of South-Lambeth, to which according to ancient records, this place originally belonged. The Manor was granted by *EDWARD II.* to *ROGER DAMORIE*, and, upon his attainder for joining the rebellious barons against his sovereign, *Faukeshall* was granted to *HUGH LE DESPENCER*. Upon his execution in 1326 the manor was restored to the widow of *DAMORIE*, who gave it to *EDWARD III.* in exchange for lands in Suffolk; that monarch granted it to his son *EDWARD*, the Black Prince, who gave it to the Church of Canterbury. When *HENRY VIII.* dissolved it as a monastery, he transferred this estate to the Dean and Chapter, to whom it now belongs.

It seems that near the Thames had been a large Mansion which belonged to *SIR THOMAS PARRY*, chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and held of the Manor of Kennington, and in which *Lady ARABELLA STUART* suffered 12 years imprisonment under *SIR THOMAS*'s custody, merely on account of her near alliance to the Crown, which excited the jealousy of the "powers that were:" this house in 1615 was called *COPT HALL*, and is described as being opposite to a capital Mansion called *Fauxe Hall*, which having probably fallen to decay, or been pulled down, its name was transferred to its opposite neighbour, of which a survey was taken by order of parliament after the death of *CHARLES I.* where it is described as "a capital messuage called *Vauxhall*, alias *Copped Hall*, bounded by the Thames; being a fair dwelling house, strongly built of 3 stories high, and a fair stair-case breaking out from it 19 feet square. It had been surrendered to the Crown in 1629 by *JOHN ABRAHALL* the tenant, and heir of *SIR THOMAS PARRY*; and was then identified as *Vauxhall* only. The parliament in 1652 determined that it should be sold, and the purchaser was *JOHN TRENCHARD* of Westminster. It was leased after the restoration, to *HENRY Lord Moore*, afterwards *Earl of Drogheda*, for 31 years, with the proviso that, if the King "should think fit to appropriate any part of it to his own use, it should

be surrendered upon proper allowance. An advantage was made of the proviso the following year, and it was occupied by JASPER CALTHOFF, a Dutchman, who was appointed to cast guns, and to furnish warlike implements for the public service. Part of *Vauxhall*, was afterwards in the occupation of PETER JACOBSON, a sugar baker. The ingenious and eccentric mechanic, Sir SAML. MORLAND, having obtained a lease of the premises in 1675 made *Vauxhall* his residence, and considerably improved it; and agreeably to his fancy, every apartment exhibited specimens of his invention: "the side table in the dining room was supplied with a large fountain, and the glasses stood under little streams of water. His coach had a moveable kitchen, with clock-work machinery, with which he could make soup, broil steaks, or roast a joint of meat; and when he travelled, he was his own cook."—*Vauxhall* was in 1725 granted to a distiller, named KENT, for 28 years. It was afterwards in the occupation of Sir JOSEPH MAWBREY, Bart. many years knight of the Shire for the County of Surrey, and is still held by undertenants as a distillery. Mr. LYSONS (in his *Environs of London*, V. i. 323.) informs us that "there does not appear the least ground for the tradition that *Vauxhall* or *Faukehall* was the residence of the noted GUIDO FAWKES except the coincidence of names. JANE VAUX, or FAUKES, mentioned in the History of Lambeth as holding a copyhold tenement at *Vauxhall* in the year 1615, was the widow of JOHN VAUX. The infamous GUIDO was a man of desperate fortune and not likely to have a settled habitation any where, much less in a Capital mansion. It appears however, that the conspirators of the detestable plot in which he was concerned, held their meetings at Lambeth, at a private house (on the bank of the river) which was burnt down by accident in 1635."

(To be resumed.)

COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

LEEDS, 15th June.—Opened for the season this evening, when was produced "*The Cataract of the Ganges*," with the farce of "*XYZ*." The equestrian fever, seems to have

spread far and wide, among the managers at least, if not among the play-goers. The speculation at this place has answered but poorly, and if it had not been for the good stock pieces played with the melo-drama, the "*Cataract*" would certainly have run dry, for want of the necessary supply. It appears our leading actor (CALVERT) was not at all pleased, at having the part of *Moharra* assigned to him, and some notices took place, but they have "vanished into thin air." The piece was only tolerably got up, and the general acting (if such prosing deserves the name) very bad. Our old friends DOWNE and CROOK appeared for the 1st time this season, on the 22d in "*Simpson and Co.*" the *Bromley* of the latter was excellent, as was Miss PENLEY's *Mrs. Bromley*. HAMMOND, from the Haymarket, was very amusing as *Acres* in "*The Rivals*." On the 25th Miss WILLIAMS, as *Julia*, and CALVERT, as *Faulkland*, quarrelled very naturally. Mr. MANSELL, our worthy manager, played *Vapid* in the "*Dramatist*" on the 28th. On the 29th, we had an importation from Dublin, in the person of a Miss GOWARD, as *Rosina*, in the "*Barber of Seville*;" she appears to possess a voice of considerable compass, her lower notes are particularly clear and musical. She played *Lucy Bertram* on the 30th, to the *Colonel Mannering* of a Mr. FALKNER, from Edinburgh; a very stiff formal actor: we have seen his name mentioned in the *Edinburgh Theatrical Review*, as being no great favorite, so they think to "come Yorkshire" over us, but it won't do.—DOWNE's *Dominie*, was passable; *Meg Merrilies*, by Mrs. BAILEY, from Exeter, had too much of stage trickery, but was otherwise good. The best piece of acting, was Miss GOLDFINCH's *Julia Mannering*,—she is, indeed, a most interesting creature. The pantomimes produced for the holiday folks at the fair have been exceedingly attractive, the house having been full each night.

A DRAMATIC OBSERVER.

LITCHFIELD THEATRE opened on Saturday May 22nd, under the management of Mr. BENNETT with "*Richard III.*" and "*Lovers Quarrels*;" in the principal character of the former, Mr. WALDRON made some good hits, and altogether acted very respectably.—On the 24th, "*The Rivals*" gave general satisfaction.—The performance of WALDRON,

as the volatile *Absolute*, the whimsicalities of Mr. CASSAR, as *Acres*, and the *Lydia* of Miss JAMES, all combined to make the acting in this play, a rich treat. The "*Spectre Bridegroom*" followed. On June 8th, "*The Cataract of the Ganges*" was produced in a style of magnificence and splendor, quite unknown here. Mr. BENNETT has our best thanks, for his spirit and liberality on this, as well as on former occasions. The acting, the scenery, and the dresses, were all of the first order. WALDRON played *Mokarra* and AULMER, *Iran*, but so so, but they can act *Othello* and *Cassio*, excellently, and will therefore not suffer much loss of reputation from any failure in such a ridiculous piece of folly as the "*Cataract*." The house closed on the 13th, with the "*Jew and the Doctor*" and the latter piece (4th time) until the races in September, when you shall hear further from your,

WELL-WISHER.

SOUTHAMPTON, Aug. 7.—The theatre opened on Monday with the "*Iron Chest*," in which appeared Mr. BETTY, the once famed Young ROSCIUS, as *Sir Edward Mortimer*.—Many visitors have this week, taken up their abode in this town, and we expect a great accession to our numbers, ere the races begin.

GLASGOW THEATRE ROYAL, May 4th.—"*Coriolanus*" and the "*Maid and the Magpie*" were the nights performances, and Mr. VANDENHOFF repeated his matchless personation of the *Roman Warrior*, and we witnessed it with increased admiration. In the firm step, decisive action, and whole bearing of *Volumnia*, Miss EDMISTON displayed her wonted skill and judgment. In every character she performs, she infuses the greatest spirit and animation, and it is but a just tribute, when we say that her professional capabilities entitle her to rank high on any stage.

5th. Mr. VANDENHOFF played *Hamlet*, in a very chaste and creditable manner to the *Ophelia* of Miss DYER, who depicted the gentle, loving and confiding creature, charmingly: and her singing was very feeling.

6th. "*Rob Roy*." This evening Mrs. BYRNE a very favourite songstress, made her re-appearance as *Diann Vernon*. She sings with much modesty and simplicity, and her

taste is chaste and correct. Her powers as a singer, are altogether of a superior order. Her voice has great compass; and, tho' her lower notes are probably not so rich, as those of some we have heard, her upper tones are uncommonly clear and brilliant. Nor is she confined in the range of her singing. She is unequalled in some of the delicious airs of her native country; she sings a ballad with much simplicity and effect; and she also executes, with the greatest precision, the most difficult passages in the works of any of the great masters. Miss EDMISTON's *Helen M'Gregor*, was an admirable performance, we question if any one at present on the stage, could come near it. Mr. MACKAY was "at home" again, in his favourite character of the *Baillie*. Mr. SEYMOUR played *Rob Roy*, but with too much gesticulation; and his transitions are too abrupt. Mr. LEE mistook the character of *Rashleigh Osbaldistone*—*Rashleigh* is a cool villain. Mr. BURNE, as the *Dougal* creature, was great. DUFF of the Edinburgh theatre, about whom so much has been said, is nothing to him in this character. Mr. B. has a truer conception of the part, and exhibits the doggedness of the Highlander, in a more distinct view, and he looks the character better.

10th. "*Rob Roy*" and the "*Heart of Midlothian*" were performed for Mr. MACKAY's benefit.—On the acting of these pieces, we have only room to notice Miss EDMISTON's *Madge Wildfire*, her conception of which part, was in almost every point, different from any of the actresses we have seen in it. We are persuaded however, that this lady's view of it, is much nearer nature, and the meaning of her author. Indeed every thing she does, bears the mark of a very powerful mind; and had she never seen KEAN, we are confident she would have had few equals. It is certainly much to be regretted, that a rather masculine tread of the stage, and an over-abundance of gesticulation should accompany and injure talents, such as she possesses.

11th. *BELLAMIRA or the Fall of Tunis*, a tragedy written by SHIEL, was produced for Mr. SEYMOUR's benefit. This piece contains some vigorous thoughts, and considerable elegance of diction; but of its merits as an acting play, the public voice has been unfavourable. On a benefit night, critical severity is not necessary. We have only to say, however that Mr. SEYMOUR performed with spirit and ani-

mation, and Miss EDMISTON's *Bellamira* was exceedingly well sustained.

19th. The house closed this evening with "*The Slave*" and "*High Life below Stairs*," until 5th July. Mr. SEYMOUR's *Gambia* was an excellent performance. We have often seen this play; and we are happy to be able to say, that we never saw this character so well performed before, on a provincial stage.

July 5th, The house opened this evening with "*Love in a Village*," and a "*Roland for an Oliver*," Miss PATON playing *Rosetta*.

8th. "*The Cabinet*" in which Mr HORN of D.L.T. as *Orlando*, gave the songs with great taste and judgment. FITZWILLIAM's *Whimsicula* gave much satisfaction, and very deservedly produced considerable applause. "*Marriage of Figaro*" followed. Miss PATON's *Susanna* is well known. Her performance on this evening was most fascinating. The *Count* was personated by Mr. HORN; FITZWILLIAM's *Figaro* we were much pleased with.

12th. "*Pizarro*" Mr. WALLACK played *Rolla*. His address to his brave "associates," was given with animation and grace, and the intrepidity of his manner, when rallying his exhausted and defeated followers, was as warlike and natural as possible. Nothing could be more touching, than his endearing farewell with *Cora*, on his going to battle; the burst of joy with which he embraced *Alonso*; his manner of plucking the child from the hands of the soldiers; his wild and impassioned manner of crossing the bridge; and at last the deathly expression of his countenance, and the exhausted state of his frame, when he restores the infant, were all done with admirable truth, feeling and chastity. Of Miss EDMISTON's *Elvira*, we are bound to speak in similar terms of approbation: it is a character completely suited to her style of acting. Miss GOODALL's *Cora* was excessively tame.

13th. Mr. WALLACK played *Richard*, but we were completely disappointed—not so much from a want of good acting, as at a total failure of originality—no flashes of excited passion—no rapid bursts of sneering pride, or kingly jealousy—no sublime workings of the heart. In the tent scene, however, he was naturally happy, and he died excellently.

We have made the above extracts from the Glasgow The-

trical Observer—an excellent little publication, which we have before had occasion to commend.—We shall continue our selections from its pages, in our next.

MARGATE THEATRE has now a much better company than for many years past; the principal male actor is Mr. MATHEWS, who seems to be the "*Jack of all trades*," from high Comedy and Tragedy, to the walking gentleman of farce. I was present a few evenings since when that gentleman performed the part of "*Charles the 2nd*" in the Comedy of that name, and went through his character with much spirit, humour and effect—he gave the witticisms the author has put into his mouth, with discrimination and point, and is on the whole a valuable member of the company. A Mr. CLIFTON supported the part of *Rochester*, and was as effective as a dark lantern behind a transparency—he has no one good qualification that I could behold that would allow his assuming the character—save an insufferable degree of assurance. The chief attraction is Mr. FAUCIT SAVILLE who played the worthy old *Captain Cobb*, and he did it in a manner creditable to himself and gratifying to his audience—this gentleman is the manager and I believe proprietor, and with Mrs. FAUCIT SAVILLE take an extensive range of the first characters, which they do in a very creditable manner. Of the ladies I can say very little favourable—so gallantry compels me to say but little of their demerits. Miss JONES I would advise to hold her head and her feet equally still—to be equally cautious in the display of her powers of voice—for I do really assure her, she has not the least vocal knowledge whatever. Miss WELLS played *Lady Clara* pretty well and Miss RAMSWOOD would have passed through *Mary*, had we never seen Miss TREE: this lady omitted the songs—

Mrs. St. LEGER is a most grievous failure, she attempted Madame VESTRIS' song of "*Why are you wandering here I pray*" and positively sung it in a manner disgraceful to herself and the manager for allowing it.

There is one very admirable performer here in the person of Mrs. OWEN, she performed a sentimental lady of a certain age in a manner that would not have displeased the most severe critic.

Miss F. H. KELLY has been delighting the cockney visitants, she played four or five of her best characters. Mr. MATHEWS was the hero to all, and successively played *Romeo, the Stranger, Mr. Oakley, Hastings, &c.*

PHILO KEAN.

Aug. 12th, 1824.

WINCHESTER, July 5th.—The performances commenced on Monday night, under the able management of our old favourite MAXFIELD. The company has undergone but few changes, since last season, with the exception of Miss HOLIAND, Miss MUNDAY, and a Mr. BARTLETT. The opening pieces were the "*Belle's Stratagem*" and "*No Song no Supper*" Miss HOLLAND as the heroine of the comedy acquitted herself in a style of peculiar excellence, her youth, beauty, graceful deportment, and sparkling vivacity all combined to render her a most successful representative of *Letitia Hardy*. This lady possesses so many natural qualifications for genteel comedy, that together with her intellectual ones, which are of no mean order, she is likely to become a great favourite here; Mrs. KELLY played *Widow Rackett*, in the place of Mrs. DAVIES, who, we regret to learn has left the stage; she is not only a very interesting woman, but a most respectable actress in her line; and we much fear the management will long feel her loss. FLOYER, as *Old Hardy*, was as usual, most amusing; KELLY's *Doricourt* (though rather aged), and MAXFIELD's *Sir George Touchwood*, very good; *Courtall*, by COOKE, so so; SHALDERS, as *Flutter*, very respectable. Of Mr. BARTLETT we had few opportunities of judging; he is genteel in figure, and appears to possess qualifications for the stage. Mrs. SHALDERS played *Lady Frances*, Mrs. JEFFERSON was *Kitty Willis*, and Miss DRAKE, *Miss Ogle*.—In the entertainment, Miss MUNDAY, announced in the bills as "*Sister to the celebrated Mrs. SALMON*," made her first appearance on these boards in the part of *Margaretta*. She is of low stature, inclined to *enbonpoint*, rather pretty, with a sweet voice, but it is neither powerful, or of great compass; she got through the songs incidental to the piece with apparent ease, and we have no doubt she will prove an acquisition to the *Corps Drama-*

tique. The house was not so full as was to be expected considering the distinguished countenance afforded.

July 7th. The performances were "*Rob Roy*" with the petit entertainment of the "*Wedding Day*;" both pieces went off remarkably well. The house was crowded to excess, being under the patronage of the steward of the races, Sir HENRY WRIGHT WILSON.

YORK.—Mrs. JARMAN'S "*Farewell Address*" delivered by herself and two daughters, at this Theatre, having excited much interest, throughout a very respectable and extensive circle of friends in Hull, where that Lady first made her appearance on the Yorkshire Boards, and where she was for many years an *useful* ornament of the stage. I inclose you a copy thereof, for insertion

Yours &c.

Hull, Aug. 12th, 1824.

THO. A. CROSS.

THE ADDRESS

Mrs. JARMAN—*Sola.*

Twelve times the Sun has made his annual tour
 Since first this stage I trod—and trod secure;
 Malev'lence then no goading thorns did lay,
 To catch my steps in the unguarded way;
 Sweet was the toil, and pleasant was the labour
 That won *your smiles*, and bow'd to own your favour.
 Those envied trophies proudly I regard
 As my endeavours' noblest, *best* reward.
 Perhaps my humble merits were, at *most*,
 Bound in a *wish to please!* that wish I *boast*,
 And howsoe'er th' allotted tasks might suit me,
 Thro' twelve long years did ne'er desert my duty;
 That duty which we *all* the *public* owe.
 And that *I* own to those around me now.
 York, Hull, and Doncaster have long become,
 Thro' friendships form'd, a kind of triple home,
 Which to forsake I ne'er yet fram'd pretence,
 Nay, oft refus'd whate'er would tempt me hence.
 Tho' on strange ground more profit *might* arise,
 Far beyond gain my *Yorkshire friends* I prize!
 Three reasons more would bend me to your soil.

(Retiring to the back of the stage, comes forward between the two elder children.)

Here are *two* of them, who have shar'd my toil;
Alike, they both have shar'd the *pleasure* too,
Foster'd, approv'd, applauded oft by you.
Born in a County which all else surpasses,
Say then, what are you, girls?

FRANCIS and LOUISA, *(with energy)*

We're Yorkshire lasses!

LOUISA.

And ere we leave it, FAN,—my stars and garters,
As P'LONIUS says, we'll "*keep a farm and Carters.*"

Mrs. JARMAN.

Be serious, Miss! we've a new part to play,
To bid a long farewell (for short's our stay)
To York and Yorkshire—

LOUISA.

I won't go, that's flat!

Mrs. JARMAN.

What, leave your *Mother*!

LOUISA, *(emphatically)*

No! I'll ne'er do that.

Mrs. JARMAN.

FANNY, why silent?—bid your friends good bye.

FANNY.

My hearts' too full—but—since I must—I'll try
Ladies and Gentlemen!—I ne'er yet found
A part so hard as this;—when I look round,
View those kind faces I've so oft' before
Seen smiling sit, which we must, soon, no more
Behold applauding our well meant endeavour,
But we shall *think* on't ever—

LOUISA.

Aye, for ever!

Mrs. JARMAN.

Our station (yet to seek) be't where it will.
Can ne'er erase the gratitude I feel,
Nor time, nor circumstances, ever part
The sweet remembrance from my grateful heart—
May my concluding wish not vainly fall!
May health and happy hours attend ye all!

THE DRAMA;

OR,

THEATRICAL

POCKET MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1824.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF

MR. MATHEWS.

London:

PUBLISHED BY T. and J. ELVEY,

CASTLE STREET, HOLBORN;

To whom all Communications “for the Editor,” post paid, are to be addressed.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

TOWN TALK, No. XVI.

A FRENCH PUFF!—The person who inclosed fifteen francs, with an article relative to the *débat* of Madame DARCEY, in *Tancrede*, and who foretells, in the morning, the proofs of sensibility and energy the debutante will give at night, is requested to withdraw that sum. We shall speak of her *débat* gratis.—*La Pandore*, July 20.

Signor ROSSINI quitted London, on Monday night, 26th July, on his way to the continent. He, with a party of friends, sat down to a farewell dinner; but, behold! an unexpected guest made his appearance, instigated by one of those vulgar creatures called creditors, who, it appeared, had no soul for music; and chose that unlucky hour to press a disputed debt—*il maestro* paused, on one side he felt inclined to resist, give bail, &c.; on the other the dinner fumes titillated his olfactory nerves; unable to resist, the disputed claim was discharged, harmony restored, and mirth and hilarity kept up till the hour of parting.—*Morning Paper*.

The following is from the *Journal des Débats*:—The Prince of SAXE COBURG, son-in-law to the king of England, has shewn a remarkable instance of generosity towards ROSINI. The custom with this celebrated Italian composer, is, never to go to any musical *soirées* for less than fifty guineas. He three times presided over concerts for the Prince, for which his Highness sent him 500 guineas, and a diamond pin.

A letter from Frankfort says—"An extraordinary act of suicide was committed at Munich on the 5th July. Mr. ANTHONY WEISS, the architect, employed in building the New Court Theatre, threw himself from a high scaffolding that surrounded the building (at the stage end), and was killed upon the spot."

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